FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM CITY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

AERIAL PAN over the Dark Deco city. It's immediately obvious that crime is rampant, even in this crime-ridden city. From on high we see buildings burning, looting, hold-ups ... if this isn't a full-scale riot, it's damned close. SFX: POLICE SIRENS, DISTANT EXPLOSIONS, GUNFIRE. CONTINUE PAN to find the city's richest area: Gotham Heights. Here PAN STOPS on a mansion that could rival Wayne Manor in splendor. PUSH IN on the imposing edifice.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MANSION - NIGHT

In front of the mansion, an N.D. DOORMAN/BUTLER in white gloves and tails holds open the door of a stretch limo as a middle-aged SOCIETY COUPLE exits the car and ENTERS the mansion. As we FOLLOW the couple to the door we hear PARTY WALLA and appropriate SFX: (the CLINKING of glasses, the POP of a champagne cork, etc.) DIAL UP PARTY WALLA.

GUESTS

(phone walla)

INT. THE MANSION BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

We FOLLOW the couple inside as yet another N.D. SERVANT takes their hats and coats, then we PAN PAST them to take in the rest of the room. Every upper-crust face in Gotham City is here, chatting, laughing, snatching canapes and drinks from passing trays.

GUESTS

(phone walla)

PAN CONTINUES until it STOPS on a tall, broad-shouldered figure in a tuxedo, his back to us, talking casually to socialite VERONICA VREELAND (from episodes #406-547, "Birds of a Feather", and #406-565, "The Worry Men"). They stand near some French doors opening onto a balcony.

VERONICA

It's just been awful. What with all this crime in the streets, I haven't been able to shop at my favorite boutique in weeks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The figure turns TOWARDS CAMERA and places his empty glass on a
It's a tray carried by a passing WAITER. It's BRUCE WAYNE.

BRUCE
(dryly)
It's stories like yours that really bring home how serious this situation is, Ronnie.

ON BRUCE AND VERONICA

She gives him a look, not sure if he's serious or not.

VERONICA
Oh, Bruce. I can never tell when you're kidding.

BRUCE
That's me -- a man of mystery.

ON VERONICA

Her face is reflected in the French doors as she looks up, as if searching the night sky for the Bat-signal, which is not there.

VERONICA
Seriously, though -- it seems like everyone I know has been robbed lately.
(beat)
Where's Batman? That's what I'd like to know. He hasn't been seen in weeks.

CLOSE ON BRUCE

Face grim, eyes narrowing.

BRUCE
I'm sure he's just waiting for the right moment to strike.

WIDE ANGLE

On this line the French doors suddenly BURST OPEN, revealing THE PENGUIN, along with two or three HIRED GOONS. The Penguin gestures dramatically with his umbrella. In his other hand he holds a large leather carrying bag. The goons have their Dark Deco guns at the ready, though they're not aiming them at anyone.

PENGUIN
(loudly)
Ladies and gentlemen, your attention if you please!

ANOTHER ANGLE - PANNING

Showing the shocked faces of the crowd.

GUESTS
(shocked walla)
favor penguin

Bruce and Veronica, both looking quite distressed, are in b.g.

Penguin
Due to the seriousness of the recent crime wave, it would behoove you all to put your valuables somewhere safe.

Closer on him
He smiles wickedly and holds the bag up, opening it.

Penguin (cont'd)
Allow me.

Another angle
He waddles along in front of the shocked and frightened guests as they drop wallets, purses, necklaces, watches and so forth into the bag.

Angle includes Veronica
The Penguin turns toward her. His face lights up as he recognizes Veronica.

Penguin
Ronnie! How splendid to see you again -- especially under these circumstances.

Veronica
(frightened)
Oswald ... you're looking
(swallows)
... robust ....

She glances over at where Bruce was standing, then does a take as she realizes he's gone.

Cut to:

Ext. Mansion Grounds - Night - Continuous

Bruce, glancing back at the mansion to make certain he hasn't been spotted, runs towards the nearby hedges, pulling off his tie as he goes, giving the impression he's about to become Batman.

On Hedges
Bruce bursts out through the other side, running toward the road, pulling his jacket off. He stops as o.s. headlights illuminate him. He waves his jacket over his head as we refield to include an approaching police car.
BRUCE
(shouts)
Hey! Over here!

ON BRUCE
He stands in the middle of the road, forcing the car to SKID to a halt, fishtailing sideways, so it stops just inches from him. Bruce flinches back.

ON SQUAD CAR
The passenger door flies open and an angry HARVEY BULLOCK lumbers out. RENE MONTOYA gets out of the driver's side.

BULLOCK
Whadda you, nuts, Wayne? You tryin' t'get yerself --

ON BRUCE
He points towards the mansion, quite upset.

BRUCE
(breathless)
Inside the mansion! The Penguin -- a robbery --!

BACK TO BULLOCK AND MONTOYA
They look at each other, then Bullock pulls his gun from inside his baggy jacket.

BULLOCK
Let's go, Rene! You take the back -- I'll cover the front!

ON MONTOYA
She glances quickly at Bruce as she pulls her piece.

MONTOYA
For your own safety, Mr. Wayne -- wait here.

Then she takes off O.S., following Bullock.

CLOSE ON BRUCE
He looks relieved. Then something bothers him; he frowns in confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS
The front doors suddenly SLAM open, revealing Bullock with gun in hand.

BULLOCK
(shouts)
Okay, beak-brain! Getcher flippers up!

ANGLE INCLUDES PENGUIN AND HIS GOONS

Surprised in the midst of their looting, they wheel about. At this point Montoya comes through the open French doors behind them, gun leveled at the goons.

MONTOYA
(steely)
Prone out!

The goons hastily DROP their guns and lie down on the floor.

ON PENGUIN

He scowls at Bullock.

PENGUIN
What unfortunate timing -- for you!

He lowers his umbrella and SPRAYS a thick opaque mist from its tip.

ON BULLOCK

Taken by surprise, he begins to COUGH as he's enveloped by the mist.

BULLOCK
(coughs)

WIDE ANGLE - THE FLOOR

PANDEMONIUM, as the guests run this way and that, blinded by the fog.

GUESTS
(frightened shouts)

ON MONTOYA

Surrounded by the mist as well. Thinking quickly, she drops to the floor, where there's a few inches of clear air between the parquet and the mist. ANGLE ADJUSTS TO FOLLOW.

LOW ANGLE - MONTOYA AND GOONS

Montoya still has her gun. The goons aren't going anywhere.

MONTOYA
Relax, guys.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

The Penguin charges through the open doors, dropping the mist-spraying umbrella and pulling another one from inside his overcoat. He raises it overhead; propeller blades SPROUT from it and begin to WHIR. He begins to lift off O.S., carrying the bag of loot.
Bullock stumbles out onto the balcony, still COUGHING.

BULLOCK
(coughs)

He looks up, to see the airborne Penguin crossing the full moon. He raises his gun, then realizes the fowl fellow is well out of range. Play his disappointment, then

WIPE TO:

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON TV SCREEN - MORNING

In BLACK-AND-WHITE, we see SUMMER GLEASON sitting behind a news desk, delivering a report. Behind her in a small INSET is some kind of stylized graphic: Perhaps a silhouette of the Gotham skyline with images of the Joker, Harley, Two-Face, the Penguin, Rupert Thorne, Poison Ivy, etc. looming over it. Across the bottom of the screen is the legend "CRIME WAVE: GOTHAM UNDER SIEGE -- DAY 8."

SUMMER
(filtered)
... last night's brazen robbery by the Penguin at the Van Pelt estate was the latest in the worst series of crimes Gotham City has ever seen, made all the worse by the mysterious absence of Batman.

Now the inset behind Summer suddenly becomes a shot of Batman.

SUMMER (CONT'D)
After more than a week without his protective presence -- his longest disappearance that anyone can recall -- Gotham City can only wonder, "Batman, where are you?"

PULL BACK to show that we've been watching a small TV on the desk of Bruce's secretary, DANA. She reaches over to turn off the set.

DANA
One good question, that.

ANGLE INCLUDES DOOR

The door opens and ALFRED, in his chauffeur's livery, comes in.

ALFRED
(cheery)
Good morning, Miss Dana.

DANA
Is it? Not with all those weirdoes running amuck. Why isn't Batman doing something about it?
He shrugs; "Why ask me?" and walks across the reception area toward Bruce's inner office.

ALFRED
I expect he has his reasons, however obscure they may appear to us common folk.

ON INNER OFFICE DOOR
It OPENS just before Alfred can reach it, and a preoccupied Bruce strides out, schedule book in hand, almost knocking Alfred aside.

BRUCE
(preoccupied)
Excuse me, Alfred.

He crosses to Dana's desk.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Dana, I'm having a problem with my personal calendar.

ON BRUCE AND DANA
He leans over her desk, pointing out discrepancies in his schedule book.

BRUCE
I just can't seem to remember what I was doing most evenings last month.
(beat)
I've got nearly all of my nights completely blocked off -- but why?

ON DANA
She looks up at Bruce, a faint smile on her lips.

DANA
Too many girlfriends to count?

Bruce gives her a look.

BRUCE
You're not helping. Just double-check this and update me in the morning, okay?

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRUCE
grabs his topcoat off a coat tree and heads for the door, Alfred opening it. Dana waves good-bye.

DANA
No problem, Mr. Wayne. Have a nice evening.
He hesitates at the door, that odd feeling bothering him again.

BRUCE
Thanks. I'll ... try.

WIPE TO:

EXT. WAYNE ESTATE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

As we PUSH IN on the stately old manor, we HEAR:

BRUCE (V.O.)
It's really bothering me, Dick.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bruce stands by the tall windows, backlit by the full moon, as he talks to DICK GRAYSON, who is lounging in a chair like a typical teenager, reading the daily newspaper, which is angled so we can see its WHERE IS BATMAN? headline which obscures Dick's face.

BRUCE
I've never been this absent-minded before.

ON DICK

He lowers the newspaper so we can see that he's mildly annoyed.

DICK
(not paying attention)
Y'know, Batman's not the only one who's missing. How come the news reports never mention anything about Robin?

Dick gets up and walks across the room, casually folding the paper and tossing it on top of a small pile of papers in the corner.

DICK (CONT'D)
If I were Batman's partner I'd be getting ticked off bigtime.

ON BRUCE

He glances out the window to see the Bat Signal shining across the night sky, projected against the clouds.

BRUCE
There it is again.

Dick ENTERS SHOT, looking out the window.

DICK
Yeah. Wonder if he's going to answer it this time.
Bruce stands looking at the logo rippling over the clouds. Dick picks up a few textbooks and heads for the door. Alfred, meanwhile, has ENTERED the room and is busily tidying up the stack of newspapers Dick has left behind.

**DICK**
Gotta go. I've got a study date with Cindy and I'm running late.

**ALFRED**
Your roadster is idling in the driveway, Master Dick.

**FAVOR ALFRED**
He stacks the pile of newspapers neatly while he talks to Bruce, who still stands looking out the window.

**ALFRED**
Anything I can do for you, sir?

**FAVORING BRUCE**
Still at the window. He turns, his expression confused, to look at Alfred.

**BRUCE**
Ever had the feeling there was something wrong with your life, Alfred? Something ... missing?

**ALFRED**
Not actually, sir. All in all, I must say I'm quite contented with my lot.

**CLOSE ON BRUCE**
He looks back out the window, at the Bat-signal in the sky, which is reflected on the window glass, superimposed on his face.

**BRUCE**
(softly)
I wish I could say the same ...

**WIPE TO:**

**EXT. GOTHAM CITY STREET - DOWNTOWN - DAY**

It's a gray afternoon; dark clouds roll in over the city and there's a distant RUMBLE OF THUNDER in the air. Bruce and Dana walk toward us, Dana pulling the collar of her topcoat closer about her throat as she glances up at the gathering clouds. Bruce also looks up as we slowly PUSH IN on him.

**DANA**
Gonna come a big rain, looks like.

**BRUCE**
Don't worry. We can still make it back to the office before ...

CLOSE ON BRUCE

As he looks up at the threatening sky, we hear a sudden CRASH OF THUNDER and it starts to RAIN, huge drops SPLATTERING on his face.

    BRUCE
    (voice trailing off)
    ... it starts ...

WIDE ANGLE

Dana, trying to suppress her laughter, stands at the mouth of an alleyway, holding her purse over her head to keep off the rain.

    DANA
    We can take a shortcut through this alley.

CLOSE ON BRUCE

Eyes narrowing, expression growing grim. He's uncomfortable and he doesn't know why. The RAIN is getting worse.

    BRUCE
    (uneasy)
    ... I don't like alleys.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the rain becomes a DOWNPOUR, a smiling Dana grabs Bruce's wrist and gently pulls him into the alley after her.

    DANA
    Well, I'm not particularly fond of drowning either. Come on!

LOW ANGLE - BRUCE AND DANA

They run along the alley, Dana still holding her purse above her head to protect herself, Bruce cautiously looking both ways as they run as if something may suddenly spring out of the shadows to grab him. Ahead in the alley large crates are stacked along the sides, easily high enough for someone to hide behind.

ANOTHER ANGLE

TWO BIKER THUGS step out just in front of Bruce and Dana from behind the crates. Dana is frightened, Bruce concerned. One of the thugs holds a length of tire chain, the other a lead pipe.

    1ST THUG
    Out for a stroll on a rainy night like this?

    2ND THUG
    And in such a bad neighborhood too. Not a smart idea.
FAVOR 1ST THUG

He moves toward the frightened Dana.

1ST THUG
Gonna have to ask you for your money, people.

2ND THUG
It's the economy. You understand.

DANA
N-no ... d-don't ...

FAVOR BRUCE

Reaching inside his jacket, he pulls out his wallet and holds it out to the second thug gingerly.

BRUCE
Okay, easy ... we don't want anyone hurt here.

FAVOR 2ND THUG

He SLAPS the pipe against his palm and grins unpleasingly as he moves toward Bruce.

2ND THUG
Speak for yourself, pal.

As the Second Thug reaches for the wallet --

ON BRUCE

He suddenly delivers a smashing side kick straight INTO CAMERA.
SFX: THUD!

2ND THUG (O.S.)
(grunt of pain)

ON ALLEY WALL

The Second Thug sails THROUGH FRAME and SMASHES into the brick wall. He slips to the ground, dazed.

2ND THUG
(dazed groan)

ON 1ST THUG

Furious now, he CHARGES at Bruce, his pipe raised overhead.

1ST THUG
Big mistake!

WIDE ANGLE

The First Thug swings his pipe at Bruce. Bruce easily grabs the pipe, then pivots and uses the other's momentum to help flip the thug over his shoulder. The First Thug SLAMS back first into
the opposite wall and slips to the ground in a heap.

1ST THUG
(dazed groan)

Dana watches all this in open-mouthed astonishment.

ON BRUCE

He stands in the pouring RAIN, fists clenched, the two thugs sprawled to either side of him. He is shaking; not with fear, but with rage, as a concerned Dana rushes up to him.

DANA
Mister Wayne, you okay?

BRUCE
(tense)
I'm fine, Dana. They never even touched me.

FAVOR DANA

She puts a comforting hand on Bruce's arm.

DANA
They could've done a lot more than just touched you, boss man.
(beat)
What in the world got into you?

ON BRUCE

He looks up, his face grim, his fist still clenched.

BRUCE
I wish I knew, Dana. I wish I knew.

A sudden CRASH OF THUNDER and flash of lightning punctuate his words.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CORRIDOR (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Bruce is in shirt and slacks, walking along a Caligari-esque corridor, distorted and nightmarish, with all the angles a little off. Confused, Bruce looks around as he walks, uncertain where he is.

ANOTHER ANGLE
He rounds a bend in the corridor, to see that it ends in a massive bookcase, filled with books as far as we can see in all directions: A huge cliff of literature.

BRUCE
(surprised gasp)

ANGLE DOWN ON BRUCE

Bruce studies the bookcase, running his fingertips along the spines of the books as he moves along, reading the titles.

CLOSER

As he starts to pull a particular title from the shelf, suddenly a familiar black-gloved hand shoots out from between the books, KNOCKING several volumes to the floor. Batman's hand grabs the startled Bruce's wrist and pulls him forward.

BRUCE
(gasp of fear)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bruce struggles to free himself, and another gloved hand shoots out and grabs him, then another and another, reaching out from behind the bookcase like arms in a Cocteau film.

BRUCE
(straining)
Let -- go ...!

CLOSER

As the frightened Bruce is pulled toward the bookcase, books fall away, revealing a BLACKNESS beyond in which many pairs of slitted eyes glow.

BRUCE
(cry of fear)
Nooo --!!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BRUCE WAYNE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

ON THE CUT Bruce sits bolt upright in bed, wide-eyed and sweaty.

BRUCE
(harsh breaths)

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRUCE

He realizes he's been dreaming, throws back his tangled covers and swings himself up so he's sitting on the side of his bed, his face in his hands.

BRUCE
(mutters)
Only a dream ...
Unshaven, still in his pajamas, he stumbles to the door.

INT. WAYNE MANOR - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Dick sits reading the morning paper while Alfred dusts. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Bruce standing framed in the doorway, one arm leaning against it for support. They stop what they're doing and stare at him.

ALFRED
(startled)
Master Bruce? Is something wrong, sir?

Dick rises, starts toward him.

DICK
You okay? You look like something the cat tossed up.

ON BRUCE

He runs his fingers through his tousled hair as he walks past Dick, over to the huge bookcase that fills one wall of the room.

BRUCE
... Just had a nightmare ... I'll be fine.

CLOSER ON BRUCE

He's at the bookcase now, running his finger along the spines of the books like he was doing in his dream.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Weird dream ... I was in front of a bookcase just like this one, looking for ... for ...

CLOSE ON BOOKSHELF

His hand stops on the book he reached for in his dream: The spine is labeled CHIROPTERY.

BRUCE (O.S. CONT'D)
-- This one!

Bruce pulls the book halfway out of the shelf, and something CLICKS.

DRAMATIC ANGLE

All three men react as the entire bookshelf SLIDES to either side, revealing a stairway hidden behind it.

BRUCE
(startled)
What in --?
FAVOR DICK AND ALFRED

They cross to the stairway; Dick cautiously looks down into darkness. We can hear the FAINT ECHO we associate with the Batcave.

ALFRED
Where does it lead to?

DICK
Only one way to find out.

He starts down the steps.

ON BRUCE AND ALFRED

They exchange a quick surprised glance, then move quickly after Dick, following him down the stairs into darkness. Bruce stops a few steps down, feeling the wall.

BRUCE
Wait. I think I've found a light ...

CLOSE ON HIS HAND

He CLICKS the switch.

ON BRUCE, DICK, ALFRED

The lights go on O.S. Bruce, Dick, and Alfred look O.S. down the stairway, stunned by what they see.

DICK
(awed)
I didn't know we had a basement ...

THEIR POV - DRAMATIC ANGLE - BATCAVE

Here we can see the Batmobile, there we catch a glimpse of the trophy room with the robot dinosaur and the giant penny. In one corner looms the crime lab, in another the huge computer. A flurry of bats SQUEAK and FLAP THROUGH SHOT.

WIDE ANGLE - THE THREE - PANNING

They move down the stairs and into the cave proper, looking around in amazement.

DICK
This can't be what I think it is.

BRUCE
What else could it be?

FAVOR DICK

Completely at sea.

DICK
But what's the Batcave doing under our house? This is just too weird.
ON ALFRED

He picks up a silver tray that contains an empty coffee cup and an empty glass bottle labeled **SODER COLA**.

**ALFRED**
I concur heartily with Master Dick's opinion. This is your special coffee mug, sir, and the lad's favorite soft drink.

ON DICK

He scratches his head in complete confusion.

**DICK**

What does it all mean?

ON BRUCE

As grim as we've ever seen him.

**BRUCE**

I think I know. I'm not sure how, but I can feel it in my gut.
(beat)

Dick -- you and I are Batman and Robin!

ON DICK

His eyes widen as he stares at Bruce in disbelief.

**DICK**

Say what? No way!

WIDE ANGLE

He stares at Bruce.

**DICK**

You're serious.

ON BRUCE

Grim, almost expressionless.

**BRUCE**

Dead serious.

Behind him several bats FLUTTER THROUGH SHOT.

WIPE TO:

INT. BATCAVE - HOURS LATER

Bruce and Dick are wearing their costumes now, but with their masks off. (NOTE: Even when they're completely costumed, we still won't refer to them as Batman and Robin, because they aren't yet. The steely toughness and streetwise attitude --
(Even their posture -- is missing.) Dick is also not wearing his utility belt. Alfred is no longer there.

ON GYMNASTIC EQUIPMENT - FOLLOW BRUCE

as he does a flip off the hanging rings, somersaults in mid-air, lands hands-first on the sidehorse, then flips again so he lands gracefully on his feet right in front of a much-impressed Dick.

DICK
(impressed)
Outstanding! I didn't know you could do that.

FAVOR BRUCE

He looks back at the gym equipment, his hand to the back of his head, almost surprised at what he's just done.

BRUCE
Neither did I.
(beat)
It just felt right -- like muscle memory ...

ON DICK

He holds up his utility belt and starts investigating the various compartments.

CLOSER

He finds several of the small black gas balls, rolls them around in his palm like marbles, then drops them back into their compartment.

WIDE ANGLE

He takes the grappling gun out of its compartment in the belt's rear and looks at it.

DICK
Lotsa cool stuff ...

He accidentally FIRES the grapple O.S.

DICK (CONT'D)
(startled yelp)

ON BRUCE

He snaps his head aside just enough for the grappling hook to narrowly miss him as it WHIZZES THROUGH SHOT.

BRUCE
(sternly)
Careful!

FAVOR DICK

He drops the gun as the line SNAKES back into it. Then he very
carefully puts everything back in the utility belt, not certain of what else he might accidentally set off. Over this:

DICK
This is just too much! I don't even know if I want to be Robin.

CLOSE ON DICK
worried, emotionally overwrought.

DICK
I mean, being a crime fighter is a great fantasy, but the reality is pretty intense.

BRUCE (O.S.)
I know exactly how you feel.

ON BRUCE
Determined, he turns and walks over to the computer as Dick follows.

BRUCE
But if this is our destiny, we can't turn our backs on it ... no matter how much we might want to. Gotham City's in chaos -- we have to do something.

ON COMPUTER
Bruce gingerly sits at the computer console and starts TYPING.

BRUCE
Maybe this computer can tell us what happened to our memories.

OTS BRUCE
We look up at the computer screen where we can see the phrase INVALID COMMAND PARAMETER repeated down the whole length of the screen. Dick steps INTO SHOT and looks at the screen.

DICK
Maybe not ...

FAVOR BRUCE
Getting frustrated and angry. He SLAMS a fist on the chair arm.

BRUCE
(angry)
Blast it, can I get some answers here?

ON COMPUTER
The screen goes blank as the COMPUTER VOICE starts to speak.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
Phrase your question properly.
They look at one another in amazement, then smile.

BRUCE AND DICK
It talks!

FAVOR BRUCE

He leans back in his chair.

BRUCE
Computer, what's happened to our memories?

COMPUTER (V.O.)
Insufficient data.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick SNAPS his fingers in frustration.

DICK
I knew it was getting too easy.

BRUCE
Computer ... list known enemies of Batman and Robin who might have the technology to induce selective amnesia.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It begins to display images of the Mad Hatter, the Scarecrow, Ra's al-Ghul, and the Riddler.

COMPUTER (V.O.)
Jervis Tetch, aka the Mad Hatter. Professor Jonathan Crane, aka the Scarecrow. Ra's al-Ghul, aka the Demon's Head. Edward Nygma, aka the Riddler ...

BRUCE (O.S.)
Status of all?

COMPUTER (V.O.)
All save Ra's al-Ghul are currently incarcerated in Arkham Asylum. Ra's al-Ghul is presumed dead.

ON BRUCE AND DICK

They look at each other, frustrated. Looks like another dead end.

ALFRED (O.S.)
Perhaps this might help ...
He walks over and hands Bruce a large leatherbound ledger.

ALFRED
According to this ledger, we all recently received flu shots from a Doctor Otto Sonderbar.

ANOTHER ANGLE
Alfred is obviously pleased with himself. Dick scratches his head.

ALFRED
This took place the day before Batman and Robin vanished.

DICK
Sonderbar ... name doesn't ring any bells.

ON BRUCE
He rises from the computer, walks across the room.

BRUCE
That's something else we've all forgotten. But at least it's a starting place.
(beat)
Come on, Dick.

ON BATMOBILE
Bruce climbs a bit awkwardly into the waiting Batmobile and pulls on his mask. As Dick ENTERS SHOT:

BRUCE
Better put your mask on, Dick. We're going to pay the good doctor a visit.

FAVOR DICK
He puts on his own mask and climbs into the Batmobile, looking nervous.

DICK
You sure you know how to drive this thing?

BRUCE
It's a car. How hard can it be?

As one, they look down at the dashboard.

THEIR POV - DASHBOARD
It's the most complicated thing this side of the B-12 Bomber.

ANGLE INCLUDES BRUCE AND DICK
Bruce studies the complicated dash for a beat, then reaches over
and, feigning a confidence he doesn't feel, TOGGLS a switch.

ON BATMOBILE'S FRONT BUMPER

The grappling hook suddenly FIRES from the front of the car, narrowly missing a nearby stalagmite. After a beat it retracts (SFX: WINCH WHINE).

RESUME BRUCE AND DICK

Dick raises an eyebrow.

    DICK
    You were saying ...?

    BRUCE
       Keep quiet or I'll make you drive.

He tries another switch.

    BRUCE (CONT'D)
       Let's see what this does ...

ON BATMOBILE'S REAR ENGINE PORT

The afterburner suddenly IGNITES and the engine ROARS into life.

ON BATMOBILE COCKPIT

They look up as the canopy SLIDES shut. We can see Bruce put his hands on the wheel.

    BRUCE
       Here goes nothing ...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Batmobile ROARS up the ramp as Alfred watches, obviously concerned.

ON RAMP - TRACK WITH BATMOBILE

It ZOOMS up the winding ramp, weaving slightly, heading toward what appears to be a solid rock wall.

INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE AND DICK

They brace themselves for what looks sure to be a fatal collision.

ON RAMP

The Batmobile goes through an electric eye beam, breaking it.

ON ROCK WALL

Just before the car hits it, the hidden ramp lowers like a drawbridge.

INT. COCKPIT - BRUCE AND DICK

They relax.
EXT. HILL BENEATH WAYNE MANOR - DUSK

The sleek Batmobile ROARS across the chasm and out into the night. As it disappears into the distance:

DICK (V.O.)
Well, we made it out of the cave alive ...

WIPE TO:

EXT. N.D. GOTHAM CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Batmobile ROARS along a lamplit street, still the most powerful beast on the road.

BRUCE (V.O.)
There's another problem we haven't discussed.

INT. BATMOBILE - MOVING

Bruce watches the road as he drives.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
Whoever caused our amnesia must also be aware of our secret identities.

Dick shrugs.

DICK
Hey, before today I didn't even know I had a secret identity.

OTS BRUCE AND DICK - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Our heroes' attention is drawn to the sudden CLANGING of a BURGLAR ALARM ahead. We can see two BURGLARS running out of a ritzy store, the sign above which proclaims it the SECOND AVENUE FURRIERS. The thieves leave a trail of mink and ermine coats behind them as they rush to a waiting van.

BRUCE
Look!

ON BURGLARS

As they load the furs into the van, they are startled by the sudden approach of the Batmobile and freeze in their tracks. The FIRST BURGLAR addresses someone unseen in the van.

1ST BURGLAR
Boss! It's the Bat-car!

2ND BURGLAR
They ain't supposed ta be --

WIDER ANGLE

The burglars watch, confused, as the Batmobile ROARS right on past them.
Dick looks at Bruce in surprise.

DICK
What, you're just going to ignore them?

BRUCE
They're armed. We're not.

DICK
Do you think that'd stop Batman and Robin?

CLOSE ON BRUCE

He considers what Dick has just said. His eyeslits narrow and he cuts the steering wheel sharply.

BRUCE
You're right.

ON BATMOBILE

It makes a SCREAMING U-TURN in the middle of the street and heads back toward the startled fur thieves.

ON THE BURGLARS

As the Batmobile approaches, they pull hand guns and OPEN FIRE on our heroes.

1ST BURGLAR
Knew it was too good t' be true! Take 'em down!

ON BATMOBILE

It SQUEALS to a halt as the slugs RICOCHET harmlessly O.S. Then the canopy slides open and the costumed Bruce rises. He hurls a batarang O.S.

ON BURGLARS

They watch, astounded, as the batarang flies wide, not coming close to hitting any of them. Then they OPEN FIRE again.

ON COCKPIT

Bruce ducks back down behind the bullet-proof windshield beside as several more SHOTS CRACK against it.

BRUCE
That didn't work.

DICK
Wait! I got an idea ...

He reaches for the dashboard.
The grappling hook FIRES from the front bumper like it did in the cave. It EMBEDS in the side of the van, causing the burglars to leap out of its way, one to either side.

BURGLARS
(startled cries)

ON BATMOBILE

Bruce and Dick, not quite as graceful in their costumes as usual, leap out. Bruce TACKLES the First Burglar, KNOCKING him flat.

1ST BURGLAR
(impact grunt)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick roundhouse KICKS the Second Burglar.

2ND BURGLAR
(impact grunt)

The First Burglar leaps to his feet and grabs Dick from behind, SLAMMING him back against the van.

DICK
(groan of pain)

Bruce is SLAMMED from behind by the Second Burglar, winding up against the van beside Dick.

BRUCE
(impact grunt)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Side by side now, backed against the van, Bruce and Dick stand braced as the two burglars brandish their guns.

1ST BURGLAR
Y'know, you two ain't nearly as tough as we heard you was!

2ND BURGLAR
(calls)
Hey, Boss! C'mon out -- you oughtta be the one who ices 'em!

ANGLE INCLUDES SIDE DOOR OF VAN

Which SLIDES open. TWO-FACE steps out of the dark interior, a gun in either hand.

ON DICK AND BRUCE
reacting.

FADE OUT.
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. GOTHAM STREET - CONTINUOUS

Two-Face approaches the costumed Bruce and Dick, guns cocked.

    TWO-FACE
    Don't know how you two remembered who you are, but one thing's for sure --

ON TWO-FACE

He snarls and raises his guns menacingly.

    TWO-FACE (CONT'D)
    You ain't gonna be remembering anything from now on.

ON BRUCE AND DICK - FAVOR DICK

The two are pressed against the side of the vehicle as Two-Face's shadow flows over them. Suddenly Dick's eyeslits widen -- he's got an idea.

ON DICK'S HAND

He fumbles with his utility belt and two small GAS BALLS drop into his gloved hand.

WIDE ANGLE

Dick hurls the balls to the ground in front of the burglars and Two-Face. The balls BURST and billowing clouds of gas envelop the startled crooks.

    TWO-FACE, BURGLARS
    (choking coughs)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Dick and Bruce quickly cover their mouths and noses with their cloaks as the gas rises about them. Two-Face and his two toadies collapse at their feet.

    TWO-FACE, BURGLARS
    (fading groans)

ON BRUCE AND DICK

They lower their cloaks as the gas dissipates. Bruce is suitably impressed.

    BRUCE
How did you know those were gas bombs?

DICK
I didn't. I was just hoping they weren't grenades.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Bruce and Dick finish tying up Two-Face and the burglars as they hear approaching POLICE SIRENS. They look up to see several squad cars SQUEAL to a halt near them.

ON LEAD SQUAD CAR

Harvey Bullock and COMMISSIONER GORDON get out of the lead car. Gordon seems both stunned and thrilled to see our heroes.

GORDON
Batman! Robin! Is it really you?

WIDER ANGLE

To take in Bruce and Dick as well, as they stand to greet Gordon.

BRUCE
So it would seem, Commissioner.

GORDON
But where have you been? The city's falling apart --

FAVOR DICK

He starts to explain.

DICK
It's a long story, Sir. We were --

Bruce steps forward, interrupting a surprised Dick.

BRUCE
.quickly)
Working, ah, undercover. We'll explain when we can.

ON BRUCE AND DICK

They get back into the Batmobile as Gordon and Bullock watch.

BRUCE
For now, we'd appreciate it if you wouldn't tell anyone we've returned. We'll make it all clear to you, Commissioner ... 

INT. BATMOBILE

Bruce drops into his seat beside Dick as the canopy SLIDES shut.
BRUCE
(half to himself)
... just as soon as it becomes clear to us.

ON GORDON AND BULLOCK

They stand watching as the Batmobile ROARS off into the night.

GORDON
I don't really care where they've been. I'm just glad they're back.

CLOSE ON BULLOCK

He SNAPS the toothpick he's been chewing on in two. He looks like a man who's just smelled something unpleasant.

BULLOCK
Yeah, well ... everyone's entitled to their opinion.

WIPE TO:

EXT. DR. SONDERBAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

A nice Brownstone building on a quiet residential street. There is an alley running beside the building, and as we PUSH IN, we can just barely make out the Batmobile parked in the alley.

INT. SONDERBAR'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's pretty much the kind of place you'd imagine it to be from the outside: Leather chairs for waiting patients, a few framed diplomas hanging, a tall bookcase against an inner wall, etc. Bruce finishes climbing into the darkened room through a side window, and Dick climbs in behind him.

BRUCE
Looks like nobody's home.

ON BRUCE

He looks around the room, finds a framed photo on the wall. He takes it down and studies it.

OTS BRUCE - ON PHOTO

Now we can clearly see the photo: A black-and-white shot of DR. OTTO SONDERBAR accepting some award. Sonderbar is short, squat, with thick glasses, a full head of graying hair and a neatly trimmed salt-and-pepper beard.

BRUCE
The mysterious Dr. Sonderbar, I assume. He looks like --

CLOSE ON BRUCE

He suddenly stiffens as a powerful memory comes flooding back.
SMASH CUT TO:
INT. SONDERBAR'S INNER OFFICE (FLASHBACK)
A very QUICK CUT of a smiling Sonderbar approaching with an air hypo in one hand.

CUT BACK TO:
INT. OUTER OFFICE - AS BEFORE
The framed photo slips from Bruce's fingers and SHATTERS on the floor. Bruce looks up from it, grim and determined.

BRUCE
It was him, Dick. I'm sure of it. I don't know why yet -- but I will.

ANOTHER ANGLE
He notices something on the wall that was hidden by the picture -- a pressure plate. He presses it.

WIDE ANGLE
The wall slides back to reveal a large hidden laboratory. Dick moves to join Bruce as they enter cautiously.

DICK
What, does every place in Gotham have secret rooms?

INT. LAB - ESTABLISHING
Filled with all sorts of electronic and chemical equipment, including a complicated distillation apparatus -- glass tubing, retorts, beakers, etc. -- and a device with a rotating radar like dish connected to a computer monitor and keyboard. SFX:
SLOW BEEPS. The device seems to be transmitting. Dick notices this.

DICK
Oh, this doesn't look at all suspicious.

FAVOR DICK
He stands at the computer keyboard and TYPES in a few commands.

DICK
Check this out, Bruce -- I mean, Batman.

OTS DICK
On monitor we can read the following: SUBJECTS: WAYNE, GRAYSON, PENNYWORTH. RADIOPATHIC SHORT-TERM MEMORY BLOCK IN EFFECT. BROADCAST PARAMETERS: 2,000 MILES.

FAVOR BRUCE
He stands beside Dick, looks at the monitor.
BRUCE
(grimly)
I'd say we've found the gadget
responsible for our memory loss.

DICK
Yeah ... looks like a standard
operating system ...

Dick quickly TYPES some more.

ON MONITOR
The screen now asks: **DEACTIVATE VIRAL RECEIVERS (Y/N?)**
PULL BACK to include Bruce and Dick. Dick looks at Bruce.

DICK
What do you think?

CLOSE ON COMPUTER KEYBOARD
Bruce's gloved finger jabs INTO FRAME, pressing the **Y** key.

BRUCE (O.S.)
What choice do we have?

WIDE ANGLE
As the dish stops rotating and the BEEPING ceases, Bruce and Dick convulse with pain, grabbing the sides of their heads as if afraid they might explode.

BRUCE, DICK
(gasps of agony)

DRAMATIC ANGLE - BATMAN AND ROBIN
We PUSH IN as their pain passes. They take their hands away from their faces and rise to their full heights. Their body language is different now; no longer are they Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson awkwardly wearing odd costumes. Now, once again, they are BATMAN and ROBIN!

ROBIN
Wow, did that hurt. You okay?

CLOSE ON BATMAN
Jaw set, eyes narrowing, once more the most dangerous man alive.

BATMAN
Never felt better.

ON ROBIN
He looks around the lab.

ROBIN
It's all coming back to me. Leslie Thompkins was out of town, and her
service recommended Doctor Sonderbar.

ON BATMAN

He picks up the explanation as he examines the air hypo Sonderbar used during the flashback.

BATMAN
He gave the three of us our flu shots ... and after that, everything's a blank.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Batman puts down the air hypo and looks at the dormant radar dish.

BATMAN
Alfred should have recovered too, since we just deactivated his receiver as well.

SONDERBAR (O.S.)
Gentlemen, I am most impressed.

ON BATMAN AND ROBIN

They whip about toward the lab door to find DR. OTTO SONDERBAR standing there, gun in hand.

BATMAN
Sonderbar!

SONDERBAR
Even with no memory of ever having been Batman and Robin, you still manage to find me. Most exemplary.

FAVOR BATMAN

He stands his ground, ready for anything.

BATMAN
More than that -- now I know who you really are. You should have chosen a better alias than "Sonderbar", Doctor ...

CLOSER ON BATMAN

Eyes narrowing, threatening.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
Which in German means "strange" -- as in Doctor Hugo Strange!

OTS BATMAN

"Sonderbar" reaches up to pull off his phony wig and beard and stands revealed as DR. HUGO STRANGE. He CLICKS his heels together in a courtly manner and bows sharply from the waist.
Again I bow before your ingenuity, Batman. You are indeed a formidable opponent.

Grinning, he steps forward, his weapon still trained on our heroes.

Since our last encounter I have remained convinced of your true identity -- and, by extrapolation, that of your companion.

Strange almost lovingly caresses his radiopathic device.

When I was paroled, I invested all my savings and energies into building a mechanism that could block various memories from a distance.

Strange keeps the gun trained on them while Batman and Robin stand their ground.

So you lured us here to test it.

But of course. It was a simple matter to forge the necessary papers so that your regular physician's service would direct you here.

Angry.

Those flu shots! You injected us all with some sort of microscopic broadcast receiver.

Grinning malevolently.

Just so. A viral microchip of my own design. It translated the commands of my machine into selective amnesia.

Still angry, but almost incredulous as well.
BATMAN
And you did all this just to prove
your suspicions were right?

RESUME STRANGE

He waves off Batman's question with a flick of his hand.

STRANGE
Not at all. You prevented my
profiting from your true identity once
before -- this time, however, I've
done quite well.

Strange moves to a safe, dials a combination and opens it.
Inside we can see stacks of money, negotiable bonds, etc.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
All the criminals running rampant in
your absence are paying me ten percent
of their ill-gotten gains, and will
continue to do so as long as I can
guarantee no interference from Batman
and Robin.

ON STRANGE AND BATMAN
Strange closes the safe and approaches, gun held ready. The
Dark Knight glares at him.

STRANGE
So you see, I must insist that you
continue this charade ... whether you
wish to or not.

ANGLE INCLUDES DOOR
Two N.D. GOONS ENTER, machine guns held ready. Strange puts
away his gun.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
I could, of course, simply shoot you --
but that would be a waste of valuable
scientific knowledge.

ANOTHER ANGLE
His goons keep Batman and Robin covered while Strange walks over
and picks up his air hypo.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
Instead, I am curious to see what
might happen were I to inject you both
with a second viral receiver ...

CLOSER ON STRANGE
He loads a cartridge into his air hypo.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
... and then turn up the broadcast frequency to maximum.

(beat)
In theory, it should leave you both complete mental vegetables.

WIDE ANGLE

Strange turns his device back on. The dish begins to revolve and BEEP. Strange twists a large potentiometer dial on the machine; in several V.U. gauges above it, needles bury themselves in red zones. The BEEPS INCREASE in frequency and urgency.

ON BATMAN AND ROBIN

Strange turns back to them with his air hypo in hand. His goons close in beside him. Our heroes stand their ground, ready for anything.

STRANGE
Now, you will please to cooperate ...

Batman backs up toward the distillation apparatus. Strange follows him.

CLOSE ON BATMAN

His hand reaches behind him, finds the control on a bunsen burner and turns it up. The small gas flame flares up under a glass retort.

WIDE ANGLE

A green liquid begins BUBBLING and coursing through the spiral tubing, filling a resevoir at the far end. The resevoir SHATTERS under the pressure. Strange and the two goons are momentarily distracted.

STRANGE
What --?!

ON BATMAN

He suddenly lunges forward, grabbing a startled Strange by the wrist of the hand that holds the air hypo.

STRANGE (CONT'D)
(startled cry)

FAVOR ROBIN

As the two goons turn toward the struggling Batman and Strange, Robin leaps into the air and KICKS the guns out of both goons' hands.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Robin throws a straight jab directly at us until it FILLS FRAME.
SFX: WHACK!
Obviously having taken Robin's punch full on the chin O.S., he reels back against the wall and slumps, dazed, to the floor.

1ST GOON
(fading groan)

ON 2ND GOON

Robin does a back kick that catches Goon #2 full in the gut, sending him CRASHING into a bank of equipment.

2ND GOON
(impact grunt)

He sags to the floor, out cold.

ON BATMAN AND STRANGE

With a strength born of desperation, Strange tries to press the air hypo to Batman's shoulder, but Batman will not let go of the other's wrist.

STRANGE
(straining)
Not -- again! You will not ruin everything again!

CLOSER ON AIR HYPO

As the two men struggle, its tip points first one way and then the other, then back again. It's impossible to tell which man may take the lethal shot.

BATMAN
(straining)
Give it up ... Strange ...!

FAVOR STRANGE

With the last of his strength he twists away from Batman, pulling his wrist free of the Dark Knight's grip.

STRANGE
(shout of triumph)

ANOTHER ANGLE

But his own momentum causes Strange to stumble against the wall, the impact pressing the air hypo to his chest. It fires with a WHOOSH OF COMPRESSED AIR.

STRANGE
(cry of fear)

ON STRANGE

He looks down at his chest in sheer horror, then at the radiopathic transmitter. He lunges toward it, trying to shut it off before his racing bloodstream can carry the viral receiver.
CLOSE ON HIM

He freezes, his mouth growing slack, his pupils becoming tiny pinpoints. Strange slumps to the floor, staring blindly off into space -- his mind wiped completely clean by his own machine.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Robin leaps to Strange's machine and SMASHES it, but it's too late.

ON BATMAN

He kneels by Strange, checking his condition.

BATMAN
(grimly)
Too late.

Batman slowly rises and turns to Robin.

BATMAN (CONT'D)
It seems our secret is finally safe.

They stare down at the mindless idiot that was Dr. Hugo Strange as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAYNE MANOR DEN - ONE WEEK LATER - NIGHT - CLOSE ON TV

The TV shows Summer the news desk again, giving a report. A still photo behind her shows Batman and Robin delivering a tied-up Penguin to the police.

SUMMER
(filtered)
... and things have finally returned to normal in Gotham City now that Batman and Robin are back in action. A grateful Mayor Hill said today that --

Suddenly Dick's hand reaches INTO FRAME and CLICKS the TV off.

DICK (O.S.)
Love to hear more, Summer, but I've got a date with Cindy tonight.

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Dick and Bruce, with Alfred nearby.

ON ALFRED

He stands by the tall window, hands behind his back.

ALFRED
It would appear that fate dictates otherwise, Master Dick.
We can see the Bat Signal out the window behind Alfred, flashing in the night sky.

FAVOR DICK

He SIGHS, shrugs and heads to the open grandfather clock, where Bruce already stands waiting.

        DICK
        (sighs)
        Alfred, could you please call and give
        Cindy my apologies?
        (beat)
        Y'know ... in some ways life was a lot
        more fun when we didn't know the
        truth.

They step through the clock, which closes behind them, and we

        FADE OUT.

        THE END